

Annebury, 21st 3rd Mo.
1856

My dear friend

When the Lord of Life sees fit to call to Himself those whom we have loved & revered, it has seemed to me that not of the circle of those who have been privileged to enjoy the familiar acquaintance & confidence of the dear ones, the common-place expressions of sympathy & can never be of much value; & may even be felt as a positive injury—a profane intrusion upon the sacred places of our hearts. I hope, that a word from me, at this time may not be so regarded, Ever since my first acquaintance with the excellent woman, who has been called away from us, I have been thankful for the great privilege of reckoning her among my friends. I have never

met with a more beautiful & thoughtful
character; and by the sense of loss which
I feel, I can estimate in some degree
the magnitude of the bereavement.

We have read with deep interest
the volume forwarded to us. It is indeed
a precious & tenderly beautiful tribute
to the memory of a good man. It seems
really marvellous, that the writer, so
burdened by sorrow & debility of body,
should have been able so well to perform
his grateful task of affection.

I need not tell thee that
we should be happy to see thee at
our house, at any time, & that I
shall be glad to call on thee when
I am in N. Eng.

Very truly thy friend
Chas. C. Chittenden

25.
my 1/14